

## The Washington Times

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### The Times Belongs to A. Brisbane

Mr. C. T. Brainard manages Harper & Bros. for J. Pierpont Morgan, the owner.

He manages and edits the Washington Herald with a brilliancy and success punctuated during the past year and a half by unsuccessful efforts to sell the paper to me.

Mr. Brainard's Washington Herald expresses interest in the ownership of The Washington Times and wants to know if it is owned by the brewers.

Mr. Brainard will not resent the statement that a question coming from him would ordinarily deserve little attention. But his questions may interest others. Here are the facts.

The Washington Times is one hundred per cent my property.

It was purchased from Frank A. Munsey for \$500,000, of which sum—as has been previously stated in this column—\$250,000 is still due Mr. Munsey. And he holds in his possession the entire stock of The Washington Times as security for the payment of the balance of purchase money due him.

To buy The Times and put a losing property on a paying basis, I required approximately half a million dollars. Mr. C. W. Feigenspan, president of the Federal Trust Company of Newark, New Jersey, is a friend of mine and a brewer. As every newspaper editor in the country knows, I have for more than twenty years advocated as a temperance measure the suppression of the whiskey traffic and the encouragement of light wine and light beer.

At my request Mr. Feigenspan agreed that he would arrange for me a loan of \$500,000. It turned out that I required a less amount. \$375,000 was sufficient for the expense involved in putting The Washington Times on a paying basis.

This amount I borrowed from Mr. Feigenspan between June, 1917, and November, 1917. And the money, in due course, will be repaid with interest.

If I have any further reply to make to Mr. Brainard, I will make it to Mr. Morgan, who owns Mr. Brainard, or to Mr. H. P. Davison, who manages Mr. Morgan.

ARTHUR BRISBANE.

### To Those Who Write Advertisements

You Have a Chance to Help Your Employers and the Public at Large at the Same Time.

Within a few days some of the most interesting advertisements ever printed will appear in newspapers all over the country.

The campaign of publicity for the Fourth Liberty Loan will be headed by a full page announcement written by President Wilson, and this will be followed by the publicity work of other well known public men.

The writing of advertisements is becoming, more and more, a really scientific and LITERARY profession.

The gentleman who writes little stories for magazines, or little poems that do not get printed, has looked down upon the writer of advertisements. He has been horrified at the suggestion that one who writes advertisements could be called "literary."

But, as a matter of fact, the literary quality of a good advertisement writer ought to be first class. Such a writer must combine in himself those characteristics which do most to make real literary success.

First of all, HE MUST BE CONVINCING, and there is nothing more important in good literary work.

Second, HE MUST HAVE IMAGINATION—not the kind of imagination that distorts facts, but the kind of imagination that makes common, every-day facts INTERESTING.

Third, HE MUST BE BRIEF WITHOUT BEING UNINTERESTING, for each word he writes is more highly paid for than a word of the greatest literary man—only the writer, instead of the publisher, pays for it.

The campaign of Liberty loan advertising is going to prove this fundamental truth:

**GOOD ADVERTISING MUST BE MORALLY USEFUL TO THE PUBLIC, AND EDUCATIONALLY USEFUL TO THE PUBLIC, AS WELL AS MATERIALLY USEFUL.**

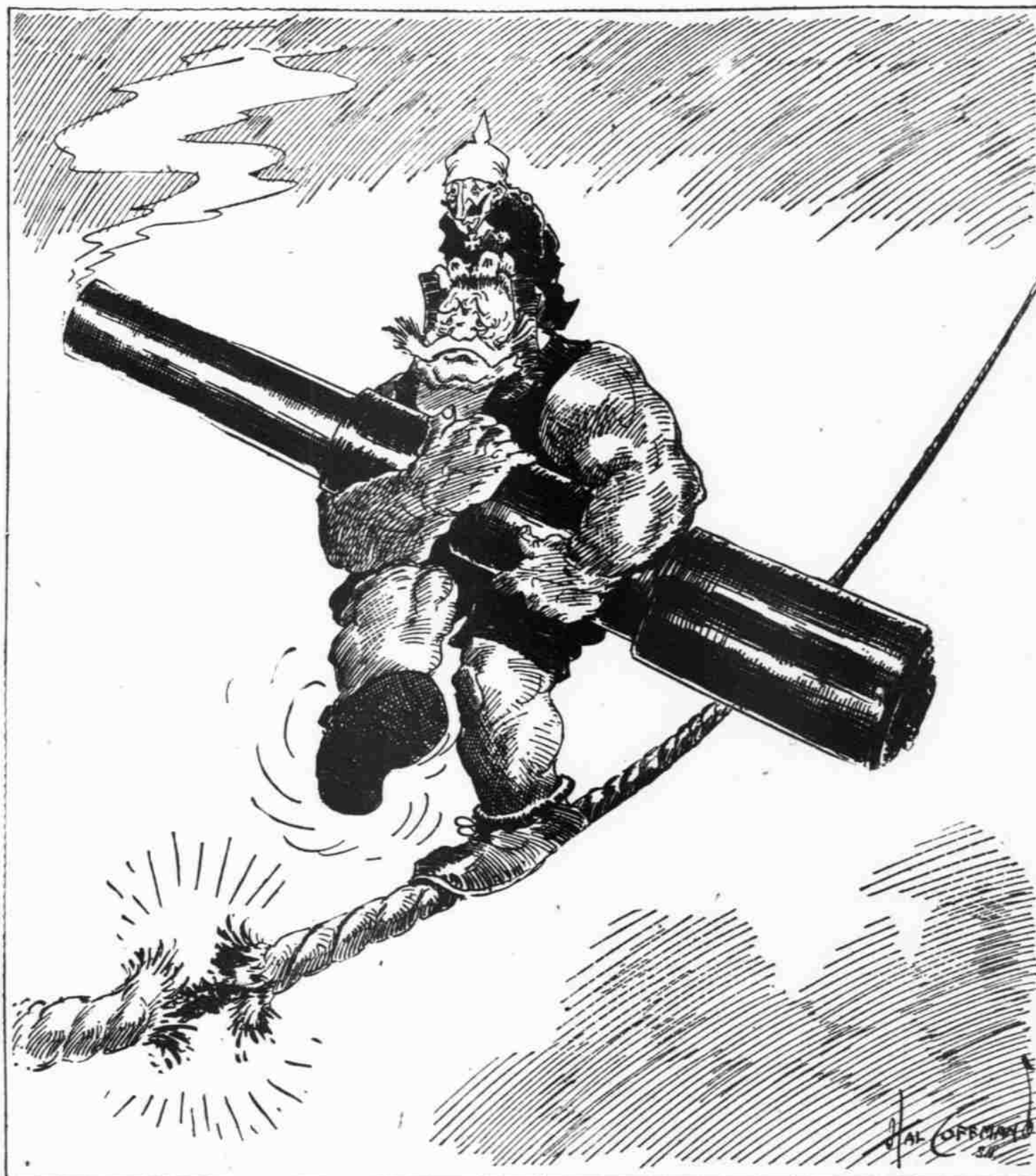
The other day, for instance, a certain very intelligent writer of advertisements wanted to impress upon people's minds the fact that they often pay too much for a hat because of the name that is in it. He quoted briefly and effectively an old professor whose opinion of himself was so high that he lifted his hat reverently WHENEVER HIS OWN NAME WAS MENTIONED.

The writer of the advertisement then went on to draw conclusions favorable to his own hat and unfavorable to those that charge for a name. That is the sort of advertising that lingers in the memory—that makes one writer of advertising better than another.

If the advertisement appeals to a man's INTELLECT, his mental approbation, if it interests him seriously, IT WILL LINGER IN HIS MEMORY, AND THE ADVERTISER WILL LINGER WITH IT.

It is evident that, as the years go by, a constantly increasing amount of advertising will be spread before the public. A great deal of good can be done if the writers and promoters of advertising take a real pride in the moral and educational features of their advertisements.

## Cracking Under the Strain



### Beatrice Fairfax Writes of the Problems and Pitfalls of the War Workers Especially for Washington Women

SO many girls come to Washington with such a fine, high spirited spirit to do war work, that when things turn out differently from what they expected "back home," it is little short of a tragedy.

Every prospective war worker ought to be presented with an illuminated text that reads: "Don't put all your eggs in one basket—even if it is a patriotic basket." There are so many more sides to a war job, than the job itself, and these are the things that wear down the fine spirit already mentioned.

#### Tremendous Cost of Everything.

In the first place, there is the enormous cost of everything, for despite the excellent work done by the Food and various other commissions, prices continue to trill, and also thrill, around high C. The thousand or twelve hundred dollars that looked so big where there was no surplus population to care for, melts like a cake of ice in August where there is many, many thousands surplus people.

Then there is the landlady, who is only human, and can see no merit in sleeping on the couch in the parlor, if it is not going to bring her in something extra. And there is the loneliness and the sense of being lost among all these bustling, hustling people, unless one comes armed with some sort of credentials.

Forget your mackintosh, forget your overhauls, your diary, your best hat, your party slippers, but don't forget your letters that insure an invitation to dinner, or other social favors; but at least have something in your possession that will insure you the opportunity of talking things over in case of an emergency.

Know where you are going to stop before you leave home, and lose no time in joining a church or war workers' club that will put you in touch with young women doing the same sort of work as yourself. The following letter from a young girl war worker is a fair sample of some of the things they have to contend with.

Last Her Money.

"There is considerable talk

#### TODAY'S TOPIC Study Conditions Before Leaving Home

about 'Why girls leave Washington.' As a girl war worker I could explain several bitter experiences I have had since my arrival last June, such as having the owner of the apartment where I live ask: 'What do you want?' every time I cross the threshold of any room but my own.

"I may remark that this lady rents two rooms for \$55 a month, while her receipt for the entire apartment—which lay loose in the mail box—showed that she paid \$36 a month for it.

"My family has sent its men into the service, and I, the only daughter, came to Washington just as our men went to war. I've thought it was the thing to do. My parents were not anxious that I should come, and it is not necessary that I earn my living; at

home I was in the habit of buying thrift stamps and war savings certificates. I brought a card of these with me.

"This week some of my money disappeared mysteriously, and all of the girls in the house happened to be short of money at the same time. I was expecting a check from home, so I had let my money get down to 34 cents, and as we take our meals out, my situation was pretty bad.

"I took my war savings stamps down to a certain drug store near where I live, where there is also a branch postoffice.

"I explained my predicament and gave the druggist my card as identification, showing that I worked at the Bureau of War—

I had on my service flag with its three stars, and I told him

I did not want to sell my stamps if I could borrow a certain percent and leave them as security till the first of the month, or, when my check arrived from home.

#### Received Coolly.

"This gentleman refused to look me in the eyes, and said he did not keep a regular postoffice, and besides, certain formalities would have to be gone through with before anything could be done. I was near to crying then, and didn't hear all he said.

"But what can I do?" I asked.

"I am sure I don't know."

"But I am almost penniless."

"I don't know what you can do—you might try a down-town postoffice."

"Not one word of advice or sympathy. I was afraid to try down town. I had been trading at this place, and had rented books from his circulating library and returned them. If he would not trust me, or give me credit, what could I expect from an utter stranger? So I tried a bank, and finally, found a gentleman and a Christian who gave me money on his personal account and took my stamps as security. I shall not state where this bank is; for a man of this type would hate publicity.

"But I ask public spirited citizens, and the other kind, too, what are you doing about the war worker? Do you resent their presence as the lady in the street car, who said before one of us: 'These horrid war workers swarm over everything.'"

"Do you treat them like human beings when you take them into your homes? Remember, in many instances, they have left comfortable homes and an easy life to come here at the Government's urgent call for war workers."

"This druggist represents a humane profession, and his conduct was a surprise to one who expected different treatment. But there was a Levite who passed on the other side."

"Is it any wonder that when the checks do arrive from home, the girls use them to buy return tickets?"

A WAR WORKER.

### A Government Clerk's Living Cost

If His Family Requires \$600 to \$900 More a Year, What Will He Do With a Bonus of Merely \$120?

By EARL GODWIN.

The man with the rigid income is the man who suffers more than anyone else in this rising tide of living costs.

That means that the Government employee suffers worst of all, for his salary is not only rigid and fixed by Federal statute, but is fixed on too low a scale.

Congress, which fixes the wages of the servants of the Government, has daily evidence that salaries in all lines of activity are being raised. Boards of investigators, both private and public, are delving into masses of data which show that the increase in the cost of living is a DAILY affair, not a monthly or yearly matter.

To offset the rising tide wages have been raised to meet increases in all lines—especially where organized labor dominates.

But in the case of Government employees, salaries fixed half a century ago are unchanged except for a meager \$120 a year bonus, which in many instances here does NOT cover the increase in rent. (Strange there should be an increase in rent in the face of the Saulsbury law.)

One of the recent investigations into living costs was made by the National Industrial Conference Board of Boston. It reports increases in the cost of food SIXTY-TWO PER CENT; rent, FIFTEEN PER CENT; clothing, SEVENTY-SEVEN PER CENT; fuel and light, FORTY-FIVE PER CENT; and sundries, FIFTY PER CENT. Averaging these increases, the board finds that the cost of living is up from FIFTY PER CENT to FIFTY-FIVE PER CENT.

A Government employee who used all his \$1,200 or \$1,800 to support his family before the war, now finds that it costs from \$600 to \$900 a year MORE merely to live.

The Government offers him \$120 to meet this increase. How will he do it?

### HEARD AND SEEN

Went down to see MAJOR BERRY KING, who is aide to GENERAL CROWDER, and while there he introduced me to the man whom I have always designated "the father of the questionnaire," COL. CHARLES B. WARREN. However, Colonel Warren tells me he is not responsible for all of those questions, but for rules and regulations concerning the draft—or a part of it.

However, to be father of all those rules and regulations is considerable of a responsibility.

In the next room was COL. JAMES S. EASBY-SMITH, who leaped from the law office to khaki with spritely facility, was having a confab with ED SNYDER and FRANK S. HIGHT and some one else, whom I didn't see.

LOUIS LUDLOW came in while I was there—seems to be a most popular corner.

Having failed to sound on Monday the siren blew twice yesterday.

Yesterday being LIEUT. LESLIE PORT'S birthday, his father, JUDGE PORT, of the Federal Trade Commission had him to lunch.

After dessert Leslie handed his father a case of smokes. "Will you have some of these cigars, father? They are yours." "Mine?" said Judge Port. "Thanks, I'll take them all."

SUNSHINE MARY says she has copied off that song, "When the Rep-Tile Serpent Bit My Heel," and will bring it in some day. I hold her to it, and have FRANK WOODFIELD as a witness.

You know on Sunday I chased DOUG SIMMS half a mile, only to find it was some one else—well, yesterday I saw him going up Fifteenth street with GEORGE HAMILTON. Both gentlemen wore green felt hats.

C. W. RAY says that the Federal Government should take a hand in our own street railway service problems, wipe the slate clean and begin all over again with a consolidated system, so the public would have the benefit of the existing trackage.

WALTER S. GARD introduced me to H. O. BISHOP, late of Texas, now of Washington.

This is what Mr. Bishop has to say about the National Capital: "I have been in many hick towns, but this one out-hicks all of them in lack of proper regulation. In all the Southern towns where I have been the military authorities inspect the soda fountains and restaurants at least three times a day, and if they are not up to the standard a military policeman is placed in front of each one to keep soldiers away. That in turn scares off the civilians, and the offending restaurant keeper soon comes to book. "I have yet to see anything like that here."

MAJOR DAN DONOVAN, the present authority on matters military and everything else, tells me that the word "blacker" is now official and is used in army orders.

Went over to see CHIEF WAGNER at fire headquarters the other day. He's looking younger each day.

And on my way out I caught sight of GEORGE WALLACE, water registrar, and it came over me that he is probably the most thoughtful looking man in Washington.

An army officer who owns a gasoline car said to me: "I wonder if my fellow officers who rush down town in their cars on gasless Sunday really believe they are justified? I wonder if the navy officers whom I saw Sunday riding in gas cars really conscientiously believed they were doing the right thing?"

I wonder what these gentlemen would do if, while they were rushing around in gas cars, they should come face to face with the commander-in-chief of all the military and naval forces. The President walks or rides in a horse-drawn carriage, and I imagine the rest of the army can afford to follow his example.

Saw LIEUTENANT HEADLEY in the hall of the District building and saluted him by saying: "Hello, handsome!" At that about eight men turned around at once!

Old Stuff.

If you care to escape the draft, answer "yes" to this: "Who remembers the old 'Creighton Baseball Club' of 1866-69, afterward the 'Junior Nationals,' a number of whom later were active members of the old Nationals? Here they are: Johnny Gresson, pitcher; Edward Townsend, catcher; Johnny Lamb, first base; John Hollingshead, second base; Bun Renner, third base; Erny Foster, shortstop; Charlie Lusk, shortstop and third base; Omy Foster, left field; Hugh Ernst, center field; Harry Towers, right field.

Gresson, Lamb, Renner, Erny Foster and Harry Towers died in recent years; Townsend has been lost track of, but Hollingshead, Lusk, Omy Foster and Ernst are alive and well. The Creightons, as above outlined, held the enviable reputation of having never lost a game!

HUGH A. ERNST, Mt. Rainier, Md.

A reader says: "May I suggest that what seems to be needed is not merely interchangeable transfers as tickets, but a unification of the system, giving a transfer on a transfer, as in San Francisco, always in the same general direction of course; first and second class at 4 cents and 4 cents, as in Manila; and the zone system once there—three blocks for 1 cent, 7 for 2 cents, eleven for 3 cents, seventeen for 4 cents."

The zone system has already been suggested in this column, but reputation will not hurt.

Called a number from pay station at Columbia 4512 and having dropped a nickel the operator refused to operate until I had dropped another. "Grand service!"

A well-dressed man about thirty-five years old on a Chevy Chase car, going north Sunday night about 10:30. He was sitting. At the "loop" an elderly woman with two children boarded the car and walked down front where the "man" was sitting. He did not arise. Finally a girl next him arose:

"I am sorry," she said to the elderly woman. "that the man next to me is not a gentleman. However, I am younger than you and have no children. Take my seat."

The man turned green, purple, and pink. BUT KEPT HIS SEAT.

He got off at Livingston street.